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Choice Poetry.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

BY MICHAEL KELLY.

How sweet, when night her misty veil
Around the weary soldier throws,
And twilight's golden skies grow pale,
And morning winds invite repose,
To sit beside the watch-fire's blaze,
Where friendly comrades nightly come,
To sing the song of other days,
And talk of things we love at home—

Of those we love, who list and wait,
Beneath the same benignant moon,
The postman's step behind the gate,
With tidings from the absent one;
And beaming smiles their thoughts reveal,
And love is mirrored in their eyes,
As eagerly they break the seal,
Elate with joy and glad surprise.

But dearer yet, the shout that rings,
In exultation loud and clear,
To hail the messenger who brings
Letters from home and kindred dear.
And 'neath the pale moon's smiling light,
The soldier reads his treasure o'er;
And through the hours of silent night,
In dreams he visits home once more.

In dreams he sits beside the hearth,
Afar from camps and traitors vile,
And deems the dearest spot on earth,
Where loving wife and mother smile;
And many a face almost forgot,
And many a word so fondly spoken,
Come flitting round the soldier's cot,
Till the sweet dream at morn is broken.

Oh! ye who love the soldier well,
Bid him be hopeful, brave and gay;
Better he knows than you can tell,
The perils that attend his way.
Some word of hope, in battle's hour,
While striving with a vengeful foe,
Has nerved the soldier's arm with power
To strike or ward the impending blow.

The soldier brave is often prone
To deem himself forgotten quite—
A wanderer on the earth alone—
When friends at home neglect to write.
Then cheer him oft with words like these,
And thus your deep affection prove;
Let every boat that ploughs the seas,
Bear him some message full of love.

Select Tale.

SWEET NETTIE GRAY;
—OR,—
MAKING LOVE IN AN APPLE TREE.

Everybody said that Nettie Gray was a beauty—not one of your polished city belles, but a gay, romping, saucy piece of nature's handiwork, yet gentle, affectionate withal, possessing a depth of feeling and sentiment which few are able to fathom.

Now, "sweet Nettie Gray," as she was called, had long been loved by one Charlie Gratton—the handsome young merchant who kept the only store the village of N—— could boast of; where he had, for some four or five years, dealt out sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, calicoes, silks, pins, hardware, and a variety of merchandise, to the villagers and the surrounding farmers, and realized quite a little fortune; a part of which he invested in the widow Morton's beautiful cottage and grounds, which at the death of her husband she had been obliged to dispose of and take a cheaper place, where she could live less expensively; while from the surplus of the price received for the cottage she received a nice little income. Charley had also taken the widow's son into his store, as his increased business made it necessary to procure assistance. The salary paid to little Johnny was a material help to his mother, for which she was very grateful, and she never failed to speak a word in his praise whenever an opportunity presented.

This, with the numberless acts of generosity which Charley was never tired of performing, made him the hero of that little village, and caused him to be beloved and respected, by both old and young, for many miles around. To say that Nettie Gray was indifferent to his many visits, or to the ardent love he entertained for her, would be doing injustice to her warm, appreciative heart. But the spirit of mischief seemed to possess her, and, though she was uniformly kind and gentle in her disposition towards her lover, and would converse freely and unreservedly with him upon any topic, yet when he approached the subject nearest to his heart, she was off like a frightened bird. Not that she was afraid of him, or that the subject was distasteful to her, (for her own heart was equally interested,) but she delighted to tease him, and heartily enjoyed his discomfiture on such occasions. She knew he loved her with all the strength of his soul and she had no fear of alienating his affections, from herself—an event which would have given her the deepest pain.

Charley had begun to think seriously of marriage; and why not? There stood the cottage, embowered in trees, many of which were bending under their heavy load of rare fruit, unoccupied. It needed only the presence of his bright-eyed Nettie to make it a Paradise. His income was more than sufficient to satisfy their most extravagant wants, and why should he not marry? Many times he had visited Nettie for the express purpose of making known his wishes, but had been as often prevented from saying what he wanted to say, by the little mischief running away at the first word he uttered on the subject. To think of supplying her place from the many fair damsels in it—who would gladly have accepted his hand, was out of the question. It was Nettie he loved, and Nettie only, and he felt sure she returned his affections; but how could he ever get married, if he was not permitted to propose? "I must resort to stratagem," he thought, and he partially formed many plans to bring the little beauty to terms, and as often abandoned them.

His mind was busy with such thoughts, as one bright morning in September he walked towards Farmer Gray's mansion. leisurely ascended the hill, at the top of which, upon a lovely table land, stood the great old house, when he was startled by a familiar voice calling:

"Bring the ladder, Dick! I want to get down;" and looking up, he beheld Nettie seated in the wide spreading branches of a large apple tree, that stood in the field near the road. Dick, perched upon the topmost round of the ladder that leaned against a pear tree, was quietly filling a basket with the rich fruit.

"Wait a minute, Sis," replied Dick, without looking up; I have got my basket almost full. I'll come in a minute."

Dick evidently began to think there was something wrong, for as he turned around, his eyes instantly caught sight of our hero coming up the road, but a few rods from where they were. He instantly descended the tree, but instead of carrying the ladder to assist his sister to descend, he gave a loud shout, threw his cap into the air, cleared the wall with a bound, and ran rapidly down the hill, shouting at the top of his voice, "O, Mr. Gratton, I've treed a coon!" Then placing his hands upon the ground before him, he turned some five or six somersaults, picked up his cap, and ran with all his might to the house. The little rogue evidently loved mischief as well as did his pretty sister.

Charley's first thought was to go to the assistance of Nettie, and he leaped the wall and approached the tree. Taking the ladder from the other tree, he was about placing it for her to descend, when a sudden thought suggested itself. "She cannot run away from me now;" and not stopping to consider the ungallant act, he grasped a lower branch, and with some gay remarks, swung himself lightly up, and took a seat by her side.

Nettie was an amiable girl, and could take a joke as good naturedly as she could give one, and she laughed heartily at the trick her brother played upon her, complimented Charley upon his agility, and invited him to help himself to the blushing fruit that hung in such tempting profusion about them. After chatting on a variety of themes, he determined to approach the subject, and, if possible, get an intelligent answer. For some time he sat in silence, then said:

"Nettie, I have something to say to you."

"Ah, have you?" she replied. "Well, Charley, please help me down, and you can say it as we walk to the house."

Charley saw the mischief in her eyes, and resolved to go on without heeding her request, yet he changed somewhat in his mode of attack.

"Nettie, I am going to be married."

"Married, Charley, married?"

Without heeding the playful glance that was raised to his face, he went on:—

"Yes, Nettie; my business is now very prosperous—I have a pretty home, which needs only the additional charm of a pair of bright eyes. I have found a sweet, gentle girl, whom I love with all my heart, and who is willing to become my wife, and I am resolved to marry. I have tried a long time to tell you, but you would not hear it."

Nettie had listened to this speech in utter amazement. She had long believed that she was the beloved of Charley Gratton's heart, and she meant—after she had teased him to her heart's content—to listen to his love, and become his dutiful and loving wife. But her hopes were now suddenly dashed to atoms. It was too much. A giddiness came over her, and but for the support of Charley's arm, she would have fallen to the ground. Charley noticed her emotion, and he feared he had gone too far. It was but for a moment, however. She soon gained her self possession, and sat uprightly by his side. Her face was very pale, but her eyes flashed as she replied, and there was a spice of bitterness in her tone:—

"May I ask the name of her who has been honored with the offer of the hand of my noble friend?"

"First, let me describe her. She is a beautiful girl, and possessed of a warm, loving heart. She has but one fault—if fault it may be called. She delights to tease those who love her best, and often she has given me a severe heart pang. Yes, Nettie, I love her deeply and fervently, and it shall be the object of my life to guard her from harm, and to protect her, as far as I am able, from the slightest breath of sorrow, and I shall be abundantly rewarded by her love. Nettie, I have never offered her my hand, though she has long possessed my heart. I do it now, Nettie. Dearest, can you ask her name?"

Nettie gave one long, inquiring look, as though she but half comprehended his words.

"Will you be my wife, Nettie?"

"What?" she replied, half bewilderingly, "are you not forever lost to me?"

"No, if you will consent to be mine."

She realized what it would be to lose him; her head sank upon his bosom, and bursting into tears, she murmured:

"Yes, Charley, I will."

Soon Master Dick came bounding into the orchard, one hand filled with a large slice of bread and butter, while with the other he tossed his cap in the air—showing that he fully comprehended the state of affairs—shouting at the top of his voice—

"Hello, Mr. Gratton, ain't you glad I treed her for you?"

Both greeted this sally with a burst of laughter, and soon all three were engaged in a wild romp upon the green turf.

We hardly need add that the same autumn witnessed a right merry wedding at the old mansion of Farmer Gray.

Miscellaneous.

OUR VOLUNTEER.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

We gather round the twilight hearth,
Beneath the evening's pallid flame,
And softening every sound of mirth,
We murmur the beloved name.

We try to still the voice of care,
And cheerily say: "One year to-day,
The dulcet drum and bugle blare
Allured our darling far away."

And crowding back the stifling tear,
We murmur, while our prayers ascend:
"Our Father's saved the boy a year—
He'll surely save him to the end."

His grand dog smooths his drooping ears
Along my hand, in mute regret;
His wistful eyes half read my fears—
"Old Boy, you miss your master yet!"

The ringing voice, the eye of fire,
The lithe young form, the step of pride.
That once made all your heart's desire—
Old pet, they're sunder'd from you wide.

Your gay bark in the hunt is hushed;
A dearer meaning now you take,
As everything his hand has touched,
Is cherished sacred for his sake.

Ah, does he think of home to-night,
And how we sit and talk of him—
Repeat his words with fond delight,
With voices low and eye-lids dim?

We wonder when, with faces white,
Must be the next terrific fray;
And if the march began last night,
And where our army is to-day?

We listen to a dear young voice
Sing words of love to music wed;
So mournful, we may not rejoice—
He loved that song in Summers fled.

It says: "O, take me home to die!"
What tender pains its rhythms yield:
Not thus, not thus, O, Lord! we cry;
Send back our boy from war's red field!

O, leave us not, lest we repine,
If this the "glory" thou shalt mete:
To die for truth, makes death divine;
To die for country, it is sweet!

We love Thee 'neath the heavy rod;
We trust Thee in the nation's night;
Our only help and hope is God,
That thou at last wilt crown the right.

The paradise of Spring-time hours
He loved. In all her azure space,
'Mid all the Summer pomp of flowers,
We'll yearn in vain to see his face.

In wasting march, in bloody fight,
All, all in love, yet half in fear,
We pray from morning until night,
That God will save our Volunteer.

Atrocious Utterances.

The Vallandigham sympathizers in the city of New York held a meeting at Union square on Monday evening. They had anticipated an immense crowd, and went to the trouble of erecting four stands. So little interest was excited on the subject, however, that only a small number of people came, so that there was no need of more than one. In all, about 3,000 persons were there. There were speakers at all the stands, but the "big guns" who were advertised did not appear. As a specimen of the sentiments of those who did speak, we submit some choice extracts:

Mr. Norton said that the only basis of a restoration of the Union is a combination for the purpose of removing from power every Republican official, State, national and municipal.

Mr. J. A. McMasters said, that so far as he knew Mr. Vallandigham's sentiments, he endorsed them; that Vallandigham was imprisoned on account of his virgin love for his country; that there is no question about the independence of the South, because Southern freemen will take care of that; that the South is free and independent now; that the question is about the liberty of the freemen of the North; that those liberties must be preserved by organization; that those organizations ought to be of a military character, with commissions from Gov. Seymour.

Now listen to an Alabamian, who probably came North as a spy, but finding such men as Woods, Brooks and McMasters tolerated, concluded that it was unnecessary to effect concealment of his opinions:

Mr. Tharin said he was from the Republic of Alabama, and he came expressly to denounce the Administration; that Mr. Lincoln sits upon a kingly throne, and aspires to a regal crown; that never, since this country was founded, has human liberty been in such jeopardy; that the liberties of the North are lost, and that we should redeem them as our fathers did; that he impeached Mr. Lincoln [cries of "hang him!"] before that American citizenship which he has outraged, and in the name of Washington, whose seat he has polluted; that, in the name of C. L. Vallandigham, he execrated Mr. Lincoln; [applause,] that the Provost Marshals may find their offices less convenient than lucrative; that the reason the Administration sees no Union sentiment in the South, is because there is no Lincolnism there; that our fathers went to war because they would not be loyal to a man, and that their sons will make peace rather than be loyal to a piece of a man.

Mr. Edmond Blackman made a speech full of profane expressions. He said the poor man would be compelled to go to war under the Conscription act, while his neighbor could get off by the payment of $300; that under the theory of the war adopted by the Administration, he would be d—d if he thought they would go to the war. [Applause, and a voice, "you bet your life we won't."] That if Vallandigham was brought through the city of new York on his way to Fort Warren, they would get Judge McCunn to issue a writ of *habeas corpus*, and he'd be d—d if they would not have him out. [Applause.] That they had a respect for the Constitution which the President sought to trample under foot.

A voice.—Oh, the greenback.

Mr. Blackman—Yes, and I'll be d—d if you will ever see it redeemed again. [Applause and laughter.]

About two hundred persons were gathered at another stand.

Mr. Wm. B. Rankin stated that they had met together to talk freely respecting the oppressive acts of the Administration, and to protest earnestly against its attempt to deprive them of their God given, blood-bought birthrights. [Cheers.] These people at Washington had dared to seize the great champion of Constitutional rights, C. L. Vallandigham—[cheers for Vallandigham]—and thrust him into a dungeon—[groans]—and it was, therefore, time for the people to buckle on their armor and resist such oppression. [Applause.] They should demand their rights, and take them if refused. [Cheers.]

Then came a Mr. Mullaly:

He declared the war to be wicked, cruel and unnecessary, and carried on solely to benefit the negroes, and advised resistance to conscription, if ever the attempt should be made to enforce the law.

He paid a tribute of respect to Stonewall Jackson, characterizing him as a hero who had shed fresh glory upon the name he bore, and held up our own generals in unfavorable contrast.

Isaiah Rynders indulged in a good deal of profanity and indecency, and recommended his hearers to "brave the bayonets of the Administration—the men who ran away at Fredericksburg!" This slur at Union soldiers seems to have been his great point.

At stand No. 4, the boys called for three cheers for Vallandigham, three more for General McClellan, and three groans for Dr. Cheever, all of which were responded to.

Daniel C. Birdsall pronounced the Conscription Act unconstitutional, and although he did not recommend them to resist it, [a voice, "We will,"] yet he did recommend them to stand by the Democratic party, and to show by their votes next Fall, whether they would allow the conscription in this State or not. He said that he had weighed well all the words that he had uttered, and he here announced that he was in favor of wiping out and repudiating the debt contracted by the Government for carrying on this war. It was contracted, not to restore the Union, but to free the nigger, and it had got to be repudiated. His father, he said, advised him not to speak there that evening, and his wife, with her arms around his neck, implored him not to come, lest he should say something rash; but he was bound to exercise the freedom of speech, let what would come.

There were two or three more speakers, but we have given specimens of the kind of talk indulged in. Let every reader judge whether these people regard Vallandigham as "a mere man of straw," about whose sentiments they care nothing. Was it the principle of "free speech" alone that they were trying to sustain or was it their object to give aid and comfort to the rebels?

THE SOLDIERS AND THE COPPERHEADS.—The western soldiers do not show any great love for those who are howling against the Government and following the advice and counsel of rebels and rebel newspapers. When the Vallandigham meeting at Columbus broke up, and the tipsy delegates were returning home, they made so much clamor for Jeff. Davis, and Vallandigham, that the convalescents at Camp Chase were aroused, and went out to stop the riot.

The butternuts were compelled to take the oath of allegiance, and an oath to vote neither for Vallandigham nor any other rebel. The oaths were administered by the Sergeant of a Tennessee regiment. One fellow positively refused to comply with the demand, and a rope was produced, which soon brought him to terms. This does not indicate that Vallandigham is in high favor with the soldiers that he will receive three fourths of their votes, which is the lowest estimate his friends say he will receive from them.

WELL PUT.—"I am in a military bastile for no other offense than my political opinions, and the defense of them."—*Vallandigham.*

That is all that can be possibly said of Jeff. Davis and his entire Confederate outfit, says the Denver City News.

Woollen rags have at last been made into good paper. The process has been discovered in England, where the oldest and most worthless rags are reduced to a white, fibrous pulb, which finds a ready market at $25 per ton.

Hard on the snakes—calling the rebels "copperheads."

JUNE.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Shine, sun of the Summer! bloom, roses of June!
Bring joy to the senses, and health to the brain!
Our ears ache with cries from each Southern lagoon,
Our hearts ache with news from the fields of the slain:
Bring us balm for the pain!

Shine, sun of the Summer! blow, wind of the West!
And hurl these black battle-clouds back to the wave,
Where, with seals of destruction on forehead and breast—
The scourge of our nation, that shame of the brave—
Charleston cowers by her grave!

Shine, sun of the Summer! smite, sword of the free!
Smite well, till the coiled serpent shuddering dies;
Till war heaves no more the deep breast of the sea,
And the white rose of peace o'er our land shall arise,
Wooing dew from the skies.

Shine, sun of the Summer! on, flag of our trust!
Wherever the fell flames of treason have crossed,
Till earth hides, with grass, faces sprinkled with dust;
And we weep our lives out in woe for the cost,
As we number our lost.

Shine, sun of the Summer! bloom, roses of June!
Blow, soft winds! and heal the hot fever of hate;
Rise, rivers! and circle each Southern lagoon,
Till lilies are throned on your waters in state,
Where blood ran of late.

Shine, sun of the Summer! sink, dews of the air!
Our wounded hearts ache for the hours of repose;
But the God of our nation has answered our prayers,
And the serpent lies dying, just under the rose—
That is balm for our woes.

GREAT COPPERHEAD MEETING.

Latest from Union Square—Libertinism of Speech?—Special Report of Vanity Fair.

Our Special Reporter intended to have handed in this report of the great Union Square Disunion Meeting long before, but patriotism, free speech, and free whiskey have slightly interfered. He now submits it with many apologies and a bad headache.

REPORT.

There was a grand randamambumscripscious meeting in Union Square (why Union?) last night. A large man, with whiskers, asked me to drink twice, and I got back just in time to observe the performance on the

FIRST STAND.

The initial speech here was according to Gunter. The speaker believed it easy to divide the heavens, believed in Fernando Wood, believed in mesmeric astrology, and would believe in anything you could fetch him, for sixpence. If he was right, there was no clause in the Constitution directing the arrest of Clement L. Vallandigham, by name. He regretted that all the respectable gentlemen invited to speak at this meeting, had declined; but there were plenty like himself who had not. (Ambigious cheers.)

He then read something your Reporter supposed to be a Police Record, but it turned out to be a list of the officers of the meeting.

Mr. Cone said he Pined to read some resolutions. They were listened to with a small degree of patience, though it was not clear whether the big rowdy in the mulberry tree meant to call Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Cone a male offspring of a female canine animal. The purport of the resolutions, was that Mr. Vallandigham was arrested.

Letters were then read from A. Oakly Hall, Harry Murphy, Dick O'Gorman, San. Church, Charley Ingerson, Johny Pruyn Fog. Smith, Billy Mulligan, Joe Coburn, Charley Colchester, Andy Sherman, Awful Gardner, and other decayed sports, who being on a spree, could not attend.

Mr. Norton spoke. Our great duty, in this crisis, he said, was to take care of the property of our southern brethren. He stood on Seymour's platform. No military arrests could be tolerated by disloyal people. He was one. He had read the articles of war, and did not consider himself such a darned fool as he looked. (A voice—"We hope not!")

Misther McMasthers now sprung a speech upon the multitude. He loved Misther Vallandigham more than anything in the wurreld. Under the gallant Seymour, New Yorick's four millions could keep the wurreld at bay. She had plenty of guards. (A voice—"And blackguards.") He was one. In conclusion, he would say, Look out for your liberties, freemen. Wheriver ye see a head, hit it. (Cries of "*Hanna ma diaoul!*" "*Faugh a ballagh!*" "*Wirristhroo!*" etc.)

Mr. Tharin arose and said he was once law partner to Yancey. He did not dislike Yancey. He did not dislike Secession. He came there to do a bit of billingsgate against the Administration. He did not believe in fighting, but when it came to good square jaw, he felt he was the right man in the right place. He then impeached Mr. Lincoln, referring to him as a "fool," a "king," etc. (The rumor that Mr. Lincoln committed suicide on hearing of this is quite unfounded.)

The celebrated Judge and notorious Colonel McCunn, now got up and said that there was but one course for freemen, Liberty, Friendship, Annihilation and Death. The audience did not seem to comprehend the remark.

Here, Mr. Rankin observed that the folks in Washington were mostly satraps; that Vallandigham was a champion; that the syren song of loyal leagues could not strap his tongue; that he raised a bloody hand; that he would not submit to have his childred battered down by the satraps of the shoulder-straps; that the straps were satraped; that the straps were strapped; that straps, satraps, rap traps . . . rat trap. . . .

When Captain Isaiah Rynders arose and said:

"I'm not a blasted fool. D——n my bones! Lincoln's a cuss. You be blowed! D——n the Administration. Vallandigham! Come let's go and liquor."

Judge Penny closed the service.—"Why," said he, "am I called Penny? Because I've got a Copperhead on to me." This was considered a very neat thing, but caused some indelicate remarks among the small boys on the railings, who insisted on considering the other side of the question.

SECOND STAND.

Here, the Unterrified Deutschen Kopper kope Lager-bund were collected.—Dr. Bergmann led off. He said George Washington was a goot old shentlemans. Abe Lincoln was ein schwartzkopf, und his crimes shmelt worse to himmel than schweitzer-kaas.

Dr. Freisch came next. He was freisch from Deutschland. Oder der schweiss; nicht ein kladderadutsch. Boum, boum! Wass? Herr Gott's himmel-sacrement, and portztausend donner-wetter. Das wast alles. (A voice—"How about the Eleventh Corps?")

Herr Beikle said the same thing exactly.

The Editor of the New York Journal recited one of his old editorials and was hissed.

Mr. Hermann tried to speak, but was seized with an attack of delirium-tremens and was excused.

Just at this moment your Reporter was asked to drink four times.

THIRD STAND.

Mr. D. C. Birdsall opened speaking at this stand. He said that he didn't say if Kennedy was the tool of his time, and friends implored him not to, but fifty thousand men should support his wife around his neck, and here he was despite of all corrupt and meanest policemen who should read the Times and Tribune, but not another act of the Administration should happen in New York. He continued for some time in this strain, till the audience began to depart, when

Professor Mason spoke. He rejoiced that this was New York City. Eight hundred thousand bayonets could make it nothing else. The great danger was in the war. He preferred his children to be free. Seymour was slow. The Evening Post said this would not go on. Every man should stand behind the Sheriff.

Mr. Van Loon said he was not courageous. On the contrary, he was timid. He was, therefore, permitted to withdraw.

Colonel Goodwin repeated some advice he gave President Lincoln, and for which the President very properly snubbed him. He said he felt bad. He certainly looked so.

Mr. Caldwell, of Maine, said that he wanted no law but Maine Law. Lincoln was a greater traitor than any small potater repudiator. Could a man who ran against a stone wall arrest a citizen at three in the morning? No. Yet he had done it. Why? Because. In conclusion, he wanted three cheers for liberty, which were not given.

The police now appeared, mingling in considerable force with the crowd, and the speakers became scarce. Some boys lingered about the stands for a while, but as there was no prospect of a fight, they finally dispersed, leaving none to watch over the silence of the Square, save two majestic figures, that of the statue of Washington, and that of the Reporter of Vanity Fair.

A HARD HIT AT GOV. GAMBLE.—Gov. Gamble, of Missouri, is the well known commander of the Union Rear Guard in that State He is a Bell-Everett Whig of the most Conservative stripe, and was placed in the chair of State expressly to stop the rising tide of "Radicalism." He has been more influential, we believe, than any other man in procuring the appointment of Gen. Schofield to the command of the Western Department. Yet this same Gov. Gamble, in his response to the New York delegaiton to the Ship Canal Convention on Saturday plainly indicated his conviction that Missouri is to be saved to the Union by ridding her of slavery, there being no other way. Of course this means that slavery is to be set adrift *now*, while the peril is imminent; not some years hence, when the danger will have passed or the ruin be complete. Thus another Baalam remains to bless the cause he was sent to curse.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE BLACK SNAKE.—The copperheads are fond of calling unconditional Union men "black snakes." They would hesitate to apply the name were they more acquainted with natural history. Place a rattlesnake or copperhead—the emblems of Southern treason and Northern toryism—in antagonism to the black snake, and the latter instantly coils his muscular folds around the venomous reptiles, contracts himself and chokes the life out of them. He takes the vitality out of them from the poisonous head to the squirming tail. The instance is yet to be known where the ugly, hissing, snapping, and rattled monster came off victorious in a contest with the black snake. He is "too many" for them, as the black snakes are like to prove for the poisonous reptiles who strike and bite in the South, but content themselves with a prodigous hissing and rattling in the North.

Gen. Nye said, in his Utica speech, that Vallandigham has not gone to h—ll, but he has gone to the next place to it—he has gone South.

THE VOICE OF THE LOYAL LEAGUES.

Silence is treason for us now,
While treason lifts its armed hand;
We bear our love on open brow,
We seal it with our solemn vow,
Our Fatherland.

Before our feet our path is plain;
Not ours in questioning to stand;
No doubtful words our lips shall stain;
Thou callest not on us in vain,
Our Fatherland.

And though the way be dark and long,
And bold and fierce the traitor band—
We know that loyal hearts are strong,
We know that God shall right thy wrong,
Our Fatherland.

Above our heads the flag floats free,
We bear it with a loving hand;
The dear old flag, on land and sea,
That leads now on for Liberty,
Our Fatherland.

We pledge our all, in hand or hall;
'Tis ready when thy needs demand;
Brave hearts, true words, whate'er befall—
We pledge thee all we are, and all
Because we *love* thee, Fatherland.

MY COURTSHIP.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

There was many affectin tics which made me hanker arter Betsey Jane. Her father's farm jined ourn; their cows and ourn squencht their thurst at the same spring; our old mares both had stares in their forreds; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to observe: "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mothers (Betsey's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so that they couldn't sile 'em, effecshunitely Bilin sope together and aboosin the nabers.

Altho I hankered intensley arter the objeck of my affecksbuns, I darsent tell her of the fires that was ragin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwhallop up agin the roof of my mowth & stick thar, like death to a deceast Afrikan or a country postmaster to his office, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like an old fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn door.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All natur was husht, and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her father's paster. We'd bin rompin threw the woods, kullin flours, and drivin the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak,) with long sticks. Wal, we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushing as red as the Baldinsville scool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no dout. My left arm was okepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my right was wounded luvinly round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed.

"Betsey, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was purty fine. I wanted to see what effeck it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed—

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I—

"Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there, now cum!" and with much obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish there was winders to my sole!" said I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in hers," said I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the neighborhood. Versoovious and the Critter ain't a circumstans."

She bowed her head down and commenst chawin the strings of her sun bonnet.

"Ar, could you know the sleepliss nites I wurry threw with, on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me, & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form and these ere sunken cheeks—"

I should have continnered on this strane, probly for sum time, but unfortunitly I lost my balanse and fell over into the paster ker smash, tearing my close and severely damagin myself ginerally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in duble quick time and dragged me forth. Then drawin herself up to her full hite, she said—

"I won't listen to your nonconts no longer. Jes say rite strate out what your drivin at. If you mean gittin hitched, *I'm in.*"

I considered that air cuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's, and we was made one that very nite.

An enterprising exss, of a somewhat waggish turn, recently forwarded by mail to the "Retired Physician," who has been afflicted with a loose tail-board to his mortal sand-cart, a half bushel of the much needed article—sand. The package was heavy, and *unpaid.*—*Denver Rep.*

A YOUNG SOLDIER.—Along with the body guard of Gen. Grant rides his son Fred, a stout lad of about twelve summers. He endures all the marches, follows his father under fire with all the coolness of an old soldier; and, is, in short, a "chip of the old block."

COPPERHEADS.—It is said that the first of these animals ever known on earth, was found coiled about a fruit tree in the garden of Eden, telling lies and preaching rebellion.